

## HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement exercises of the Elizabeth City Schools came to a close Friday night in the High School Auditorium with the presentation of High School diplomas and medals.

Dr. William Potent of Wake Forest who was to have delivered the literary address was at the last minute prevented from coming by sudden illness in his family.

### Diplomas Presented

Diplomas were presented by Mr. M. Meekins, chairman of the Board of Trustees, to the following graduates: John Henry LeRoy, Roger Beau-gard Hayman, Alma Lloyd Midgett, Ida Frost Owens, Bessie Lee Richardson, Mary Ruth Ward, Mattie Zome White, Aubrey Gurkin McCabe, Whitford Wesley Woodley, Esther Crawford Woodley, Otto Heath Boettcher, Wesley Earle Chesson, Ruth Gester Cook, Mildred Illene Commander, and Pearl Elizabeth Hughes.

The Salutatory was delivered by Henry LeRoy and Miss Mildred Commander was valedictorian. The exercises were opened and closed with prayer by Rev. J. L. Cunningham, pastor of the First Methodist Church. The class song composed by Miss Alma Midgette and set to music by Roger Hayman, was sung by the Senior Class and choruses were rendered by the High School.

### High Schools Medals

Miss Catherine Albertson, principal of the High School presented the D. A. R. Medal, which was won by Ida Owens of the Senior Class, and Attorney J. Kenyon Wilson presented the U. D. C. medal, won by Katherine Jones.

Miss Owens' essay was written on the subject "The Life of John Harvey," and Miss Jones "The Life of Zebulon Vance." Miss Jones was the winner last year of the D. A. R. Medal with her essay on "Flora MacDonald."

### Grammar School Graduates

Seventy one Grammar School graduates received their certificates of promotion into the High School Thursday morning. Superintendent S. H. Spragins making the presentation address.

### Interesting Program

The salutatory was delivered by Mergie Bell Carr and the valedictory by George Modlin. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. C. A. Ashby, rector of Christ Church.

An instrumental duet by Elizabeth Kramer and Helen Williams, solos by Mamie Snowden and Millicent Pool, a hoop drill by Miss Elliott's class, recitations by Norman Trueblood and Oscar Gregory, a tambourine drill in Spanish costume by Miss Harvey's class, and songs by the school were a very interesting part of the program. The class song, composed by Oscar Gregory, was sung by the Seventh Grade.

A Bible was presented to Elsie Griffin for the greatest improvement in writing and to William Garrett for the greatest improvement in scholarship. Both of these students were from Mrs. Pearson's room.

Mrs. Ferebee's room was distinguished for the best work in the Palmer method of writing during the year and was presented a beautiful picture by the Superintendent.

### First Grade Medal

An interesting feature of Thursday morning's program was the presentation of a medal for scholarship to Master Wesley Sheep of the Primary School. Wesley is barely seven years old and has just completed his first year at school in Mrs. J. G. Fearing's room. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Leigh Sheep and the grandson of Superintendent S. L. Sheep of Helena, Arkansas, who for thirty years was the foremost educator in Elizabeth City and the surrounding section. His high honors at so early an age are noted with pleasure and prophesy by the friends of the family.

Honor cards were awarded to the pupils of the grammar and primary schools. The roll of honor for the year is as follows:

### Primary School

Monterey Cartwright, Clarence Prichard, Emma Owens, Lloyd Richards, Lillian Twiford, Wilson Sanders, Annie Sue Williams.

High Grade, I.—Katherine Duff, William Britton, Ruth Williams, Allen Bell, Frances McCleeny, Blackwell Barkley.

Low Grade, I.—Elizabeth Lowry, Sam Forbes, Claudis Gregory, Ruth Gaskins, Howard Johnson.

Advance Grade, I.—Louise White, Lawrence Aydlott, Walter Betts, Wallace Bagley.

Grade II.—Minnie Leo Brockett, Lillian Hunter Wilkins, Mary White, Winslow, Sue Elizabeth Williams, Nannie Mae Stokes, Mary Waters Horner, Mattie Submit Gregory, Marion Brown Seyffert, James Graham Hill.

Grade III.—Ada Belangia, Nellie Mae Jones, Mary Ruth Bright, Ellen

Melick, Elsie Pugh, Sarah Carter, Margaret Nash, Willis Kramer, Oscar Williams, Wilmer Ballard, Joseph Ferebee.

### Honor Roll Of Grammar School

Fourth Grade—Elizabeth Mann, Zack Owens, Randall Hollomon, Marlon Harris, Elliott Ward, Margaret Bendorant, Mary Cooper, Margaret Commander, Mary Saleeby, Helen Little, Lillian Harris, Stuart Wood.

Fifth Grade—Annabelle Abbott, Erskine Duff, Alonzo Rollinson, Leona Lewis.

Sixth Grade—Goldie Stokes, Sidney Evans, Charles Seyffert.

Seventh Grade—Mergie Bell Carr, Willie Lee Turner, Adelma Dunstan, Millicent Pool, Fannie Madrin, William H. Jennings, Norman Trueblood, Margaret Hill, Elizabeth Kramer, Maude Leigh Ina Mae LeRoy, Elizabeth Nash, Helen Williams, Clarissa Winslow, Mary Wilson, Oscar Gregory, George Modlin, Frances Seyffert.

### The Music Medal

In the public school music class, taught by Miss Annie Blount, the medal this year was won by Bessie Davis and presented by Superintendent S. H. Spragins at the annual recital Tuesday afternoon.

Those taking part in the recital were: Misses Mary Horner, Mattie Tatum, Evelyn Hooper, Elsie Gregory, Bernice Twiddy, Margaret Strains, Gracie Davis, Annabelle Abbott, Nellie Pappendick, Eva Walston, Bessie Davis, Eloise Chesson, Emerald Sykes and the Misses Hayman.

### Played Own Composition

Miss Emerald Sykes was distinguished on the afternoon's program in that she played her own compositions. Miss Sykes is about sixteen years of age and has already composed a number of piano compositions which show marked musical talent. Some of these she has written out and others are yet unfinished.

### Polly Delights Audience

The Senior Play, "All on Account of Polly," given Thursday evening, was the most popular feature of the week. The High School auditorium was filled by the largest audience of its entire history, and the play was pronounced an entire success and one of the best attractions ever seen on the amateur stage here.

Miss Mary Ward played the part of Polly Perkins, a small town girl; Henry LeRoy was Ralph Beverly, Polly's guardian; Ida Owens was Beverly's wife; Earle Chesson, Baldwin Beverly's son; and Pearl Hughes and Ruth Cooke were daughters; Wesley Woodley as Peter Hartleigh played the part of a prospective son in law; Bessie Richardson, the part of Mrs. Chadfield, a climber; Katherine Jones the part of Mrs. Featherstone, one of the four hundred; Roger Hayman was a butler, Alma Midgett, a maid; Mattie White, a nursemaid; Lucile LeRoy, a hairdresser; Lloyd Sawyer, a money lender; Larry Skinner, a poor little boy; and Eloise Cohoon, his sister.

According to the story of the play Mr. Beverly was a New York business man whose affairs had reached a critical stage. His wife, son and two daughters spent money faster than he could make it and he saw ruin approaching. He endeavored to prepare his family for the disaster, but his efforts to persuade them to economize only aroused their displeasure.

Into this atmosphere of selfishness and false standards came Polly Perkins, Mr. Beverly's ward and a modest helpess. Polly had been living in a quiet little town and upon her arrival in the city home, she was criticised for her lack of social training. But her honesty and good sense finally won the entire family and after saving her guardian from failure, she weds the son.

The Senior number of the Tatler which is just off the press is an unusually bright and attractive one. It contains the class songs of the school and grammar school seniors, the class history by Henry LeRoy, the class prophecy by Otto Boettcher, the Class will, other high school news and many bright sayings and clever characteristics of the Senior Class.

The frontispiece is a photograph of the girls basket ball team, and the photographs of the seniors and their college mascot, "Ned," add interest to the magazine.

The editors are: Mary Ward, Henry LeRoy, reporters Lloyd Sawyer, Katherine Jones and Winnie Wood; business managers, Earle Chesson and Roger Hayman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Goodman of New York are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cam Melick on Matthews Street for a few days.

Miss Ella Perry and Mr. Lockwood Perry of Churches Island are visiting at the home of Miss Pearl Mann on Riverside.

# The GIRL and the GAME

## A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

### By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

### FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE

It was a week later that there were social activities again in Helen's home. Rhinelander had come down from the mountains with Storm to announce to Helen the completion of the Superstition cut-off, the cause of so much enmity and bitterness between the rival roads that had striven to achieve its successful building.

Helen was making ready, when they arrived, to join her two friends, and all returned to the station to take the special train that was to carry them with a party up the line to celebrate the driving of the last spike—a responsibility that Rhinelander had assigned, over all her protests, to Helen herself.

The train, gayly decorated, pulled in early and the party—railroad men, constructionists and personal friends of the builders—getting out on the platform at Signal, gave it for a moment an air of social gaiety. The stop was made only long enough to exchange greetings, and the party, enlarged by the Signal contingent, again boarded the train to continue the journey to the cut-off.

The morning newspapers at Ocean-side had contained articles descriptive of the prospective celebration, and it was in one of these that a headline fell under Seagrue's eye as he sat in his living room reading his paper.

### CUT-OFF TO SUPERSTITION MINE

Helen Holmes to Drive Last Spike.

At noon today Helen Holmes, daughter of the late General Holmes, assisted by Superintendent A. Rhinelander and Construction Engineer George Storm will drive the spike that marks the completion of the Superstition cut-off.

Seagrue read with anger. To his disordered mind, now victimized by drink, it seemed as if the celebration were intended to signalize his own defeat.

In a furious mood, he struck the bell to summon Adams, his servant. When the latter appeared his master said curtly: "Bring Ward here at once," and turned to the decanter that had latterly become his most intimate resource.

The moment Ward came in with Adams, Seagrue picked up the newspaper. "Look at that," he said, without preliminary words. Ward read the headlines hastily. "You see what's going on," exclaimed Seagrue, laboring apparently under excitement. "I want you to get busy."

He spoke the last words in a tone that left no doubt of his meaning. And Ward, old in ways of intrigue and crime, looked at him so understandingly that Seagrue had hardly need to add what he did: "This is my last chance," he muttered, viciously. "I want them both. Get them. I'll make you rich."

Ward was quick to assent. He was quick to act, and after conferring hurriedly on details Seagrue started the two men out. In the street, Ward and Adams boarded a taxicab, gave their orders to the driver and were whirled rapidly out on the desert.

At the cut-off, the roadmasters and officials of the operating department of the Tidewater line were in waiting for the special. When it reached the scene a salute, arranged by an ingenious railroad man with dynamite, was fired from an adjoining hill.

But from a second hill, across from where the improvised salute had noisily greeted the gay special, two men looked with unfriendly eyes down on the interesting ceremony. A golden spike had been provided for Helen.

And the senior roadmaster, acting as the master of ceremonies, was leading the way to where she was to officiate. On the spot where the last rail joint awaited its completion at her hands, Rhinelander handed to Helen the spike and the maul. And Helen, placing the golden emblem into position struck the spike the first blow.

"You know," she said, looking up after she had given it a few more taps, "that part of the agreement is George must finish this."

Storm took hold of the maul with a smile. "For a man that's driven a maul as many miles as I have, this ought to be easy."

Friends crowded up as the spike went home and congratulations fell thick and fast on the winners of the long-drawn struggle. Rhinelander still had something to propose. "While we are all here together," he said, "we'll complete the celebration by starting the first train. I want to see whether Miss Holmes and Mr. Storm can drive a spike that will hold a rail joint for an engine to run over it. If it fails, it shows them both up. Throw the switch for the main line, George, and let Helen start the first train over the cut-off."

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME, PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

### DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE

Storm walked toward the switch, some distance away, followed by Spike. Standing together they threw it and signaled that all was right.

Helen, quite at home inside an engine cab, pulled the throttle slightly and the drivers began to revolve; the engineer then handed her carefully down from the gangway and the train started.

At the switch, Spike and Storm engaged thus intently, failed to notice two men creeping up behind them, ropes in hand. Taken unawares, nooses were thrown suddenly over their heads and before they could make the least defense, they were throttled, felled and dragged back from the switch. So swiftly and expertly was the attack made that Spike and Storm were choked almost at once and dragged down out of sight before anyone noticed their disappearance.

Tying their hands expeditiously, Ward speculated for a moment on what to do with them. Adams' proposal to throw them from the bridge he negatived. "They would find them too quick. We'll put them into the ore cars," he said cunningly. "When the cars are located at the mine the ore will do the rest."

The two picked Storm up, unconscious, and carried him along the track, laying him beside it to await the coming of the freight train. Returning to bring Spike in like fashion, they were surprised and upset to find he had disappeared.

Spike had, in fact—overhearing the fate in store for him—rolled, gagged and bound as he was, along the track to the bridge below. Gaining this, he continued to roll over and tried to drop out of sight underneath. But in getting down, helpless as he was, his hands caught by the rope with which he was fastened on the head of a projecting spike and instead of dropping to where he speedily could have hidden himself, he hung quite helpless in the air suspended by his wrists.

The ore train, meantime, had come along the mine spur and Ward and Adams, watching their opportunity, flung Storm into a gondola.

"We've got to get after Spike," declared Ward, now alarmed for the safety of himself and his companion.

Indeed, Spike was having a close call for his life in more than one direction. A single slender chance gave him hope of escape. The cord with which his hands had been bound, he thought, might be sawed in two on the spike against which it had caught. Acting on this thought, he threw himself from side to side to saw the cord against the iron. In spite of the intense pain suffered in sustaining the entire weight of his body on the thongs that bound his wrists, he kept desperately busy in the hope of releasing himself before his captors should return. For he had no doubt that Ward, as assistant director, would not hesitate to kill him on sight. With a resource and cunning developed through a long career of doubtful enterprises and close squeaks—Spike struggled wildly for freedom and life, and thus engaged he heard the footsteps of men running along the track.

This might mean help; it might mean a knock on the head. There was but a moment left to effect his escape. Jerking himself convulsively, arms, legs and body—the cord cutting and sawing every moment into the quick around his wrists—he threw such a force on the rope that the strands finally parted on the sharp iron face and Spike dropped exhausted to the ground. But he had hardly struck it before he rolled, bounced and scrambled away into hiding.

It was none too soon. Ward and Adams, searching with sharp eyes every place of concealment, came on.

Their hurry, however, was too great, and the very place where they should have looked, they passed. Even before they were well out of the way, Spike had released his feet and gaining the track was running at full speed back to where Helen was waiting beside the Special with her friends.

These latter saw a bareheaded man dashing down the track, waving his arms.

"They've got Storm," exclaimed Spike. "They carried him off first, to throw him into an ore car. They meant to throw us both in. If they've thrown George into one of those cars, the minute it's loaded, he'll be killed!"

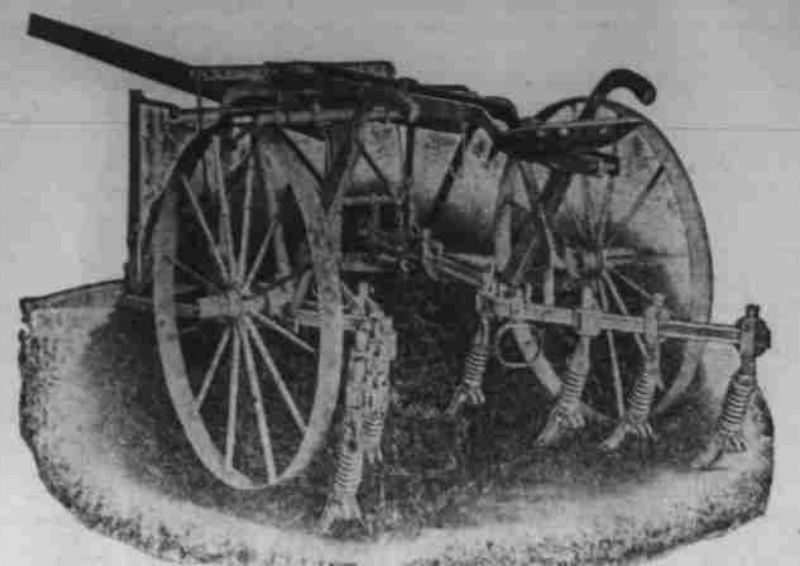
Helen blanched. To threaten Storm's life was to touch her heart. "We must get aboard," she cried to those about her, "and run the train up to the mine without losing a minute. Hurry," she cried, "everybody!"

In the gondola into which he had been flung, Storm, pounded and shaken over the rough rail joints, gradually recovered consciousness.

He knew he was in no danger until he should reach the mine, not even then, if he were only able to cry out. But struggle as he would, he could not release his hands and feet nor the car that half choked him. Every

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